SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1919

The Evening World Daily Magazine

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# Story of the 77TH In Camp and Battle

BY AN EVENING WORLD MAN WHO SERVED AS A CAPTAIN IN THE 305TH INFANTRY.

## "Mopping Up" Bazoches

### Heroic Exploits by Detachments of the 77th Infantry and Engineers Paved the Way for a Complete "Clean-Up" of a German Stronghold.

By J. M. Loughborough

*Former Captain, U. S. A., and Intelligence Officer, 305th Infantry*



A PRAISEWORTHY plan was suggested for "mopping up" Bazoches, from which point the Germans were doing their worst work. The plan was this: An infantry company, with a detachment of engineers, was to approach Bazoches from the left, surround it on two sides and the rear and then go through the place, throwing hand grenades into the buildings, while the engineers were to approach the chateau and blow up part of it so as to rout the Germans hidden there. The plan was carried out perfectly, but the Germans had secret hiding places and the hand grenades failed to reach many of them. But the Germans were completely demoralized by the attack. When our men withdrew, two of the engineers became separated from their detachment and hid in a pile of charcoal sacks in Bazoches. Here they remained for thirty-six hours. During that time Germans passed within only a few feet of them. One of the engineers understood German and he learned that the Boches were panic-stricken over the constant hammering of the 77th Division. Two Boche sentries met near the charcoal pile and one of them exclaimed:

"Mein Gott! Those Americans are hell! There's over a million of them here, I bet—and they're crazy!"

Finally, made desperate by hunger and thirst, the two engineers decided to make a break for the American line. Between them and our line was a German machine gun emplacement. They crept up to it, bombed the gunners, killing one and routing the other, and then started for the Vesle. On their way they encountered a wounded American soldier, who begged them to take him along with them. They did. They had to carry him and swim the Vesle with him. I saw the men soon after they got back. Their faces were covered with charcoal and they ate ravenously when food was placed before them.

One of the worst places behind the front line was the Ferme des Dames, where the 305th and 306th had their headquarters. German aeroplanes must have seen movement around this farm, for they constantly directed shell fire at it and several soldiers were killed or wounded in the place.

Col. Vidmer of the 305th showed an absolute contempt for death or injury. He kept his horse at the farm and would go out on horseback and inspect the second lines. His stable Sergeant was an Irish-American lad. One sunny day he was sitting at the door of the stable whistling when a shell tore a hole through part of the place.

"Are you hurt, Duggan?" called Capt. Bradford Ellsworth from his office in another building.

"No sir," replied Duggan. "'Twas only a rat gnawing at part of the stable." And he went on whistling. It was a spirit of this kind that set an example to the men and made them feel that if soldiers like Duggan could stand it they could.

At daylight Aug. 19 a sentry saw a figure crawling toward him from "no man's land."

"For God's sake, don't shoot. I'm an American," whispered the man. He proved to be a soldier from the 4th Division who, separated from his patrol, had spent eight days in no man's land without food.

"In the daytime," he said, "I played dead. At night I couldn't find our lines. I got water from the Vesle, but all I had to eat was grass."

What we wanted to learn was the strength of the Germans in Bazoches. First Lieut. William B. Mack, a former newspaper man of Buffalo, and Second Lieut. Leonard Cox of New York volunteered to do this. Both of these officers had done fine patrolling in the Lorraine sector. Lieut. Cox is prominent in New York society. He was married while at Plattsburg.

The two officers, both of whom were with Company B, 305th Infantry, started out before daylight with nine other volunteers—Sergt. John Blohm, Corpl. Peter J. Kiernan, Corpl. Solomon Catalano and Privates Frederick Barth, Clarence H. Koehler, Raphael Cohan, Vincent Bisignano, Frederick M. Meury and Joseph Bridgman. Lieut. Mack swam the Vesle with a heavy coil of rope, and fastened it to a tree so that the others could get across.

Then Mack, with four men, proceeded into Bazoches, while Cox went to explore the chateau. Mack and his men surprised four Germans in an old house and killed at least two of them. The shooting aroused the Germans, who came from all sides. Meantime the Cox wing of the patrol had encountered Germans in the chateau and Cox shot down two men. The patrols then withdrew under terrific machine gun fire. During the withdrawal Sergt. Blohm took shelter in a shell hole. Seeing Corpl. Catalano wounded, he carried him to the Vesle and helped him across. For this work all of the men were recommended for a citation and Lieut. Mack, who was shot through the face; Lieut. Cox and Blohm received the D. S. C.

Just about this time Sergts. John Bunney, James O'Connell and First Class Privates Isidor Pion and Reilly, observers for the 305th Infantry, who were stationed in a tree with powerful field glasses, saw that the Germans were retreating. Trucks, artillery and men were to be seen hurrying to the rear.

On the strength of their report an advance of the division was ordered, and on the following morning one platoon, commanded by Lieut. Charles De Rham, who afterward was killed in the Argonne, slowly pushed forward. Crossing the Vesle, they skirted Bazoches on the right, climbed to the plateau and reached their first objective under heavy shell fire from the Germans. Meantime the 306th, 307th and 308th were advancing in their sectors.

Just as the last element of the 305th had passed through Bazoches, now deserted by the Germans, there was a tremendous explosion in the chateau, which had been mined by the retreating enemy. No one was injured. The advance along the plateau as well as over the undulating ground on either side of it was under a withering shell fire. The National Army men from New York took it stoically and kept plodding ahead, although comrades were falling on all sides.

Major Woodward, leading the 3d Battalion, to which he had returned when Major Sloane was gassed, was injured. Lieut. Husband stepped into his place. Beside him walked Lieut. Benjamin Schneider, formerly of the 47th Regiment, Brooklyn, who lost his life in the Argonne. The shell fire, now increased to the proportions of a barrage, was damaging the morale of the men when Schneider shouted to Husband:

"What are the Germans going to do for stoves next winter? They are throwing 'em all at us."

"Stoves!" bellowed Lieut. Husband. "Those are freight cars." Those near the two officers laughed. The remark was passed on down through the battalion and soon the advancing soldiers were smiling as only an American can smile at an American joke. On went the 77th Division, without pausing until it had driven the Boche to strongly intrenched positions behind the Aisne. Then it dug in. At the Aisne many good men lost their lives. Lieut. Dwyer, recently promoted from a Sergeantcy, was leading a platoon against the retreating Germans when a hidden machine gun mowed him down. His body is buried on the banks of the Aisne, in a little cemetery made by Chaplain Browne for the Americans.

More patrolling took place on the Aisne and we quickly gained control of no man's land, as we had done in Lorraine and on the Vesle.

Meantime the 77th Division had a new commander, Gen. Robert Alexander, who succeeded Gen. Duncan while we were in the Vesle sector. Gen. Alexander is an aggressive soldier. He believes in "hitting the other fellow before the other fellow can hit you." Frequently he appeared in the front line on the Aisne, cheering the tired infantrymen with his smile, and imparting strength to them by his own vigorous personality.

"The only trouble with Gen. Alexander," said one of his aides, "is that he keeps me in trouble all the time trying to persuade him to avoid exposing himself to shell and machine gun fire."

A word here as to our artillery. They did splendid work on the Vesle, and then they moved up to Vauxcere to shell the Germans on the Aisne, they brought with them several German 77 guns which had been captured, and sent German gas shells at the Boche.

Mention should be made here of Sergt. Maher, who was a familiar figure in Perry's Pharmacy. One day at noon Col. Smedberg called for a volunteer to escort a ration train to the front line. It was an extremely hazardous undertaking, but food was needed in front and the end justified the means. Maher took the train to the front line trenches under heavy shell fire, dumped the rations, and brought it back without the loss of a man or a horse.

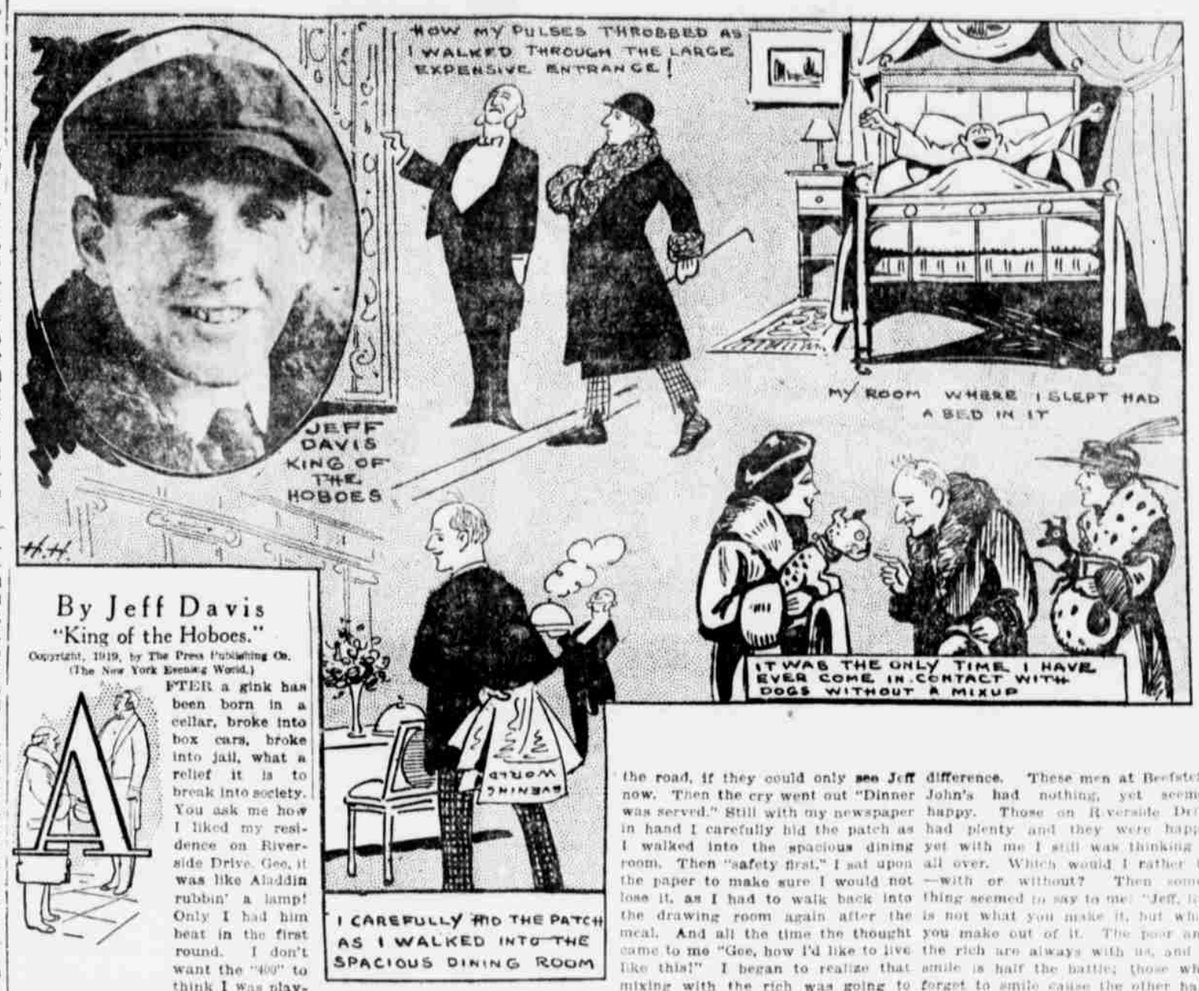
(To Be Continued Monday.)

## "King of the Hoboes" on Riverside Drive!

### Taste of "High Society" Made Jeff Davis Want to Try "Living Among the Swells"

### He Hocked His Diamond Nugget Pin and Hired a Furnished Apartment on the Drive

### And This Is His Own Story of a "Down and Outer's" Two Weeks With the "Ups and Ins"




By Jeff Davis
"King of the Hoboes."



AFTER a gink has been born in a cellar, broke into box cars, broke into jail, what a relief it is to break into society. You ask me how I liked my residence on Riverside Drive. Gee, it was like Aladdin rubbin' a lamp! Only I had him beat in the first round. I don't want the "400" to think I was playing a joke on them. The thing just came natural, perhaps, since working on the war drives, this mixing with the rich has learnt this hobo bad habits. It was some months back when I met Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt jr. It was at a Liberty Loan rally. I looked so different then with the whiskers on my kisser a quarter of an inch long. I was introduced to her. She was eating cake, when she offered me half of it. Said she to me, "Jeff, isn't it great?" I answered with all the emotion in my heart, "Yes, it's more than great." This meeting between a hobo and a lady of wealth going 50-50 with her lunch started me to thinking the rich weren't so bad after all. The poor really don't hate the rich, they only envy them. So I found it in my case. Day after day the envy became greater and greater. I wanted to live like the rich and it came to pass. It was New Year's Day when I was invited to the exclusive Fifth Avenue Union League Club to have my New Year's dinner there at the expense of the club. At that time I shared my luxuries with another hobo whom I picked up on the way and yet the club gave him as hearty a welcome as they gave me. Then came social invitations. The rich seemed to see no barrier. I was treated as any other guest.

Later on Miss Helen Frick became interested in me. I was to do a little work for the Red Cross escorting the sick and wounded soldiers on the buses, sight-seeing about the town. At the Red Cross shop on Fifth Avenue here I met the "400." I addressed the women of wealth at their meeting here, which was somewhat of a surprise to them, for they did not know I was in their midst until introduced by Miss Helen Frick. It was here I learned that the rich do many things which does not get into the papers, while, on the other hand, the poor, many of us, think the rich are doing nothing for us. I realized much at this meeting in regards to the interest the rich take in the every day life of the poor. Gradually the craving to live like the "400" got the best of me. One day Miss Frick took pity on me and, handing me a ten-dollar bill, said, "Here, Jeff, you take this. It may come in handy. It's the smallest I have with me now." I was a bit surprised, and at first did not want to take it, but Miss Frick says, "You've got to."

Then I met a Mrs. Henshaw, a rich lady who came to the Red Cross shop, and after being introduced to me invited His Majesty to a big feed up to her apartment in the Darlington Apartments, 71st Street and Broadway. Of course I accepted the invitation. I couldn't wait for the evening to come. Then I boarded a Broadway car and got off at the 71st Street entrance and proceeded with escort to the Henshaw Apartments. Here I was greeted with the same hospitality that a millionaire would receive. I wore the $100 coat with its big beaver collar, which a rich friend had given me, and looked more like a minister's son than a hobo. It was here I was made acquainted with the other guests, but I was a little bit uneasy, for I had a big patch in my breeches, which had broke, and I had a big safety pin to hold it together. Luckily I carried The Evening World with me, which I held back of me as I walked about the place. For a time we talked on everyday affairs while the big meal was being cooked. As we talked I glanced about the place, taking notes of the grandeur. "Gee," says I, "if only I had a call like this!"

It's de[illegible] think of the hoboes [illegible] the road, if they could only see Jeff now. Then the cry went out "Dinner was served." Still with my newspaper in hand I carefully hid the patch as I walked into the spacious dining room. Then "safety first." I sat upon the paper to make sure I would not lose it, as I had to walk back into the drawing room again after the meal. And all the time the thought came to me "Gee, how I'd like to live like this!" I began to realize that mixing with the rich was going to change my habits or ruin me. It was late in the evening—close to twelve—when I left, and the thought still pursued me,—"If only I could live like the rich!" It was on Feb. 17 I hocked my diamond nugget pin which I had got while prospecting in Alaska. With this money I made up my mind to break into society with both feet on a jump, and I did. I landed on Riverside Drive. What a picture—a hobo—on Riverside Drive, surrounded by water! I had taken a part of apartment 61, No. 222 Riverside Drive, in the spacious Irving Arms. How my pulses throbbed as I walked through the large, expensive entrance way.

Over the heavy, thick rugs which prevented my feet from getting dirty, I thought of the reception given to our President in Europe when he walked over the red velvet. My room where I slept had a bed in it—so comfortable to lay in and so different from the beds I had when a guest of the cities in the jails throughout the country when I had been pinched for being broke. In the mornings I hated to wake up; the maid had to knock at my door a great number of times before she could arouse me. I forgot to tell you I had a maid, too; she went with the apartment. It seemed a cruel torture to have to dress and walk out into the world again, counting the hours when it would be time to go back to bed. Going up and down in the elevators to the apartment, many women came down escorting their highbrow dogs for their morning airing. It was only then that I began to get leery for fear the dogs would recognize a hobo when they seen one and start a rough house. It was the only time I have ever come in contact with dogs without a mixup. I was beginning to learn "edy-cut." Several times I had forgotten to take off my hat when ladies were in the car, but I soon caught on, and it made an opening for conversation with young society ladies and heiresses every time I doffed my hat, but I feared less the dogs get jealous. Friday, the 28th, my money gave out and I had to move. My dream of society had come to an end. It was then I rushed to the other extreme; down to Beefsteak John's for breakfast—coffee and sinkers.

My, what a difference—just coming back from the Ups and Ins to the Down and Outs. Strange, I saw the same smiles here as I saw on the Drive. There seemed to be no difference. These men at Beefsteak John's had nothing, yet seemed happy. Those on Riverside Drive had plenty and they were happy, yet with me I still was thinking it all over. Which would I rather be—with or without? Then something seemed to say to me: "Jeff, life is not what you make it, but what you make out of it. The poor and the rich are always with us, and a smile is half the battle; those who forget to smile cause the other half of the battle." My little experience did me much good. I decided to keep on smiling, go out into the world a poor man again, with the experience of what it meant to be rich as well as poor. To the readers it will be well to bear in mind that the rich are not rich because they want to be—conditions have made them—the rich have adapted themselves to conditions. The trouble with society in general is that folks do not adapt themselves to conditions, but waste their time trying to change them. The lesson I learned is this: "Why find fault with the other fellow when the other fellow is finding opportunities?"

## How New York "Looks" To a Blind Man Who Has Never Seen It

### *Every Section of the City Has Its Own Keynote, Every Street a Different Air Pressure and Vibration, and Even Its Own Distinctive Smell, Says Vladimir Resnikoff, the Blind Singer, Who Has Learned to Tread the City's Maze Alone in Utter Darkness.*

By Zoe Beckley



HOW does New York "look" to a man who has never seen it, yet has lived in it for a dozen years? I wanted to ask this question of Vladamir Resnikoff, who is rightly called "Singer of the people's soul." For he has seen New York in a way no man with sight has seen it. And he knows its soul almost as well as the soul of his own Russia. But Resnikoff does not like to be approached "on his blind side." No hint of his blindness ever appears in the announcements of his recitals. He never voluntarily speaks of it. But if you urge, he will say: "It is a handicap, yes. But no man need give up a single ambition because of it. Let him follow his art or his business in the absolute knowledge that what is lost to him in one sense will be made up in overflowing measure in other ways. . . . As for New York—no one knows either its external grandeur or its warm, good heart like the man who is spared its ugliness, and sees beneath."

I met Vladimir Resnikoff the other evening just round the corner. He was swinging along and negotiating a Sixth Avenue curbstone as confidently as though he had two perfectly good blue eyes.

"Hello!" said I.

"Hello!" smiled he. "I'm terribly mad. I've just cried 'damn' and cursed that Eighth Street corner in all the languages I know. It delayed me minutes and minutes—and I'm in a hurry to get home. It's the worst crossroads in all New York.

"Five radiating streets," he went on, emphasizing his complaint with five small thwacks of his stick upon the pavement as he strode along. I trying to keep up. "What an ideal place for a murder! One could choose one's getaway from so many paths—if one could dodge the cars!"

We were between 12th and 13th Streets at the moment. The singer suddenly slowed down and pointed to a building.

"Here's the place where I take luncheon," he said, "it's crowded tonight."

"Now, how did you know we were in front of its door," I demanded, "and how did you know it was full?"

"Simplest thing in the world. I know the location of everything by counting the steps. So many steps from my house to the corner, so many steps to left or right. One couldn't go wrong. As for the crowd inside—can't you hear how many voices there are, and how staccato the dishes rattle? It's extra gay tonight. I love gayety . . . Don't you hear it?" I could not hear anything at all, so to conceal the dullness of my ears I changed the subject—to the subway. I love to talk about the subway, I hate it so.

Resnikoff doesn't find the subway so bad. He travels in it frequently. He is not diverted from his course by green lines and black lines and arrows and signs. He rarely has to ask direction. Times Square and Grand Central have no terrors for him except the noise. It seems a miracle. Resnikoff says his guides are "air pressure," drafts, currents and the like.

"You can find your way about New York almost entirely," he says, "by air pressure and vibration. Thirty-fourth Street, for instance, has quite different air pressure from 42d. I presume it is owing to difference in width and the height and irregularities of buildings. The sound is pitched entirely in a different key. Forty-second is G sharp, say. Thirty-fourth C natural. Each section of the city has its keynote. Wall Street gives a distinct key harmony from Riverside Drive.

"The ear soon learns to take on much of the work the eye cannot do. Also the touch, with taste and smell as allies. The remaining senses become highly responsive. The noises of New York are the worst thing about it. Trucks, 'L' and subway trains and automobile horns are rather a torture. Smells are bad too. And dust. But New York is delicious in early spring. Soon I shall get the odor of fields and flowers and the salty air from the bay."

The blind man, says my singer, has virtually no trouble about traffic (with the exception of the vicious Eighth Street corner). When the stream of vehicles is halted at the principal cross streets he hears the noise stop in one direction and resume in another. He waits for the cop's whistle and strides firmly forward, "seeing his path with his ears." People, of course, are terribly kind to the blind pedestrian—too kind sometimes, offering aid that isn't really needed, and unconsciously tweaking his hard-won and precious sense of self-reliance.

To locate a faint sound is no trick to the sightless. One day last summer Resnikoff was visiting a friend in the country. They were walking together along the road.

"Aren't we in front of a house?" asked the singer, pointing.

"Yes."

"Isn't it closed, and the people away?"

"Yes."

"Well, they have left a kitten. I shall go get it." Though no one else could hear it at first, or locate it after they did hear it, Resnikoff went straight to the spot and came back in triumph, lugging the hungry kitten. He took it home and gave it to the colored cook. Chloe flung up her hands. "Lord a mussey!" she wailed, "Where do he get 'em! This am the thirteenth kitten he done brung!"

There was a wonderful sunset that evening.

"I can't quite see it," said Resnikoff to whom color does not exist as we sense it, having been blinded by fever when three years old, "but isn't it like claret tastes?"

On a stormy day he said, "I know that it is gray—the sea and the shore and the sky. It is like this"—— And he chanted some bars in monotone from the middle register. A little gray song. "Now this"—— and he burst into the gayest of gay roulades, "is purple and orange and red. I can't see colors, but I can feel them. After all, one can only feel anyhow, no matter whether the emotion is through color or anything else. I feel all my colors in music."

Born at Kieff, in the Ukraine, in 1890, the young Vladimir came here a dozen years ago and studied in the New York School for the Blind, Ninth Avenue and 34th Street. They discovered his talent and gave him special instruction. He met Caruso, who praised him in golden words, urging him to further study. With Dr. Oscar Schminke he has arranged and "dramatized" the Russian folk song to its full and thrilling beauty.

## The New "Town Blouse"

### *Very Smart Appearing When Worn With a Tailored Suit—Model Here Shown Is of Blue and White French Voile With Tucked Bosom and Collar of White Organdy.*